NYE AND THE SOIL

William Gives Us Some Beautiful Word Pictures.

PLEASANT TASK OF WEEPING

On Watermelons to Make Them Sprout.

How Nye Keeps Himself so Rarely Beautiful.

BUCK SHOALS, N. C., June.

This is a great pleasure resort, consisting of seventy-five acres lying along the French Broad. It is frequented by myself and a wealthy man who is building me a house overlooking the river. The estate lies on this side of the French Broad. So does the man who thought he could dig me a damp well at a depth of eighty feet when he knew damp well that he could not. I had aimed to celebrate the landing of Christopher Columbus this summer with a considerable amount of explosives, but I have already used my allowance in this well, and did not make very much noise, either.

CRYING ON THE MELONS.

As I pen these lines I see the man slowly emerging from the well. He is the man who has been digging the well. He has a stern look and a big dynamite cartridge in each hand. Come to think about it, he did not say that he could strike water at a depth of eighty feet. It was a feeble man who afterward turned the contract over to this one.

I am building a house and studdery here on the estate and learning how to fill the farm, so that by piecing out the crop with my salary I can maintain three North Carolina hens and possibly add a guinea in the fall.

When George and I—George Vanderbilt and I—came here to show the Tar Heel horticulturist how brains would overmaster a sluggish soil, and how with a course of careful rotation of crops and by tickling these overshot farms with the hoe we could make them laugh—a low, gurgling laugh—we did not know that each acre of these Venetian red hillsides needs a livery stable and a feed store on it to enrich it.

We are learning that with some sorrow and irrigating our watermelons with tears. We exchange work, weeping on each other's watermelons. My tears go farther than his and knock the striped bugs quicker, he thinks. On a good day I can cry over quite a patch.

Cow peas are used here a good deal for bringing up the soil. I never heard of them before. They are of no use except to bring up the soil. They do not make good soup, and they are not a floricultural exhibit that one would go very far to attend, but for impaired soil and loss of fertility they are highly spoken of.

Wet down the farm with Apollinaris water, then put on camphor tar to prevent moths from eating the young sassafras which grows here quite plentifully, and as a foliage plant ranks with the bull thistle and jimson weed of the vulgar and nasty north.

Now dust off the farm, as there might possibly be remnants of soil on it. Next mix enough white lime with your red hillside to give it a creamy shade. Some put blueing in their farms here. Now fertilize the abutments of your farm with chaos from the barn and summer fallow the land. By autumn you can turn the soil over and cross plow. This will bring the under side of the farm to the surface. This should have a top dressing of guano, and if you have in the house two or three carloads of shad roe that is pretty gamy, you will find that it will startle the soil and possibly give a great stimulus.

At first I overstimulated my farm and gave it a headache. I put on it several of Zola's works and then added some other fertilizing material, which gave the soil what the physicians call hypernutrition, followed by overexhilaration and then coma.

My peas have been planted three times, and each time eaten by rabbits. When I first came here I put up on my grounds this notice:

> No shooting on these grounds except for political reasons.
> Moonlight lynching parties will also please not hitch to these trees.
> E. W. NYE.

As a result, the estate is covered with wild game, and yesterday I tried all the forenoon to overhaul a turkey that had apparently stolen her nest, only to learn at noontime that she was a wild turkey and rather better than the average as a roadster.

But the fatigue and face of nature in western North Carolina at this season of the year makes you scream with delight. Every curve in the road gives one a new and beautiful picture of the far blue mountains, the near green of the foothills and the magnificent forest and wood flowers at your elbow in the foreground.

North Carolina has the widest range of varieties in useful and ornamental woods of any locality in the world, I reckon. In the radius of a few miles all kinds of oaks, pines, hickory, maple, elm, ash, etc., without end, are found, and among others the tulip tree, a beautiful ornamental wood, especially when it is early and well finished up. On this tree grows each summer a big tulip, olive green on the outside and shading down on the inside to a bright lemon color of straw. Every shade of green and yellow make up this beautiful flower, and the tree is often covered with it, though it grows seventy or eighty feet high.

Ever and anon through the shady woods, as one rides, he gets the flash of a scarlet azalia twenty feet high, or smells the rich and penetrating odor of the calacanthus, as mellow and sweet as the bouquet of a peri. The laurel covers the sides of the mountain now, and if you keep your eye peeled you will see the sharp explosion of red fire which shows that the oriole is looking for the early rising worm in the ferny glen.

The rhododendron is also now on deck with its mighty waxen flowers and its wonderful leaves of rich and varnished green. From Hickory Nut Gap Mr. Vanderbilt has brought this season, I presume, a half million of these beautiful natives and transplanted them to his grounds on the French Broad. They will look well and add to the value of his estate—possibly also sending my own up thirty cents per acre, which on eight acres gives a neat advance of $2.40 to the keen and thoughtful proprietor of Buck Shoals.

There are also several of the rarest and most curious orchids growing wild here, which dumfound and delight the botanist, the florist, the phrenologist and the veterinarian. One of them especially is very beautiful, and has a name to it with which I am now picketing my cow.

Violet Bowersox writes, under date of June 18, from East Miggs:

"What are your habits regarding care of complexion and skin? How do you manage to look always so young? Could you give us your programme for preserving so wonderfully your elastic and rosy appearance?"

Certainly there can be no reason why the world should not have the advantage of a valuable experience, especially when it is so useful to good health and an attractive appearance.

I arise in the early morning, bidding dull care be gone, and almost at once proceed to take a tepid bath of twenty minutes, followed by a shower bath of five minutes and a rest of thirty minutes.

The face and throat are then subjected to a gentle friction of elder flower water mixed with a half goblet of warm water. This removes all impurities from the pores and gives the surface a clear, ivory hue.

I got onto this in Paris.

Scented oris powder is then rubbed into the hair and brushed out again, taking care not to leave any of it at the temples or nape of the neck.

A delicate cream, containing the juice of the lettuce, is then spread over the face and throat. After ten minutes it is removed with a linen cloth.

This is said to remove the drawn or tired look contracted in society so often while trying to think of something to say which will not betray evidences of thought.

Valontine—a mixture of rice, powder and bismuth—is next applied with great care, producing a clear alabaster whiteness, with a trace of luster, and toning down the hot and hectic nasal flush which is liable to come upon those who allow the use of a strawberry on the top of their cocktail.

The eyebrows are then smoothed with a baby brush, leaving a touch of fardo en dieu. Then with a leather estampe lay under each eye a delicate shadow, which increases its brilliancy and gives also a touch of gentle remorse, which in society indicates that wealth has made one *blase*.

The above is the secret of my young and well rounded appearance, and I give it here that all may, if they will, be beautiful.

Sometimes when I have not the time for the above programme, especially while here in North Carolina, I simply bathe in the branch, afterward running up and down an unfrequented path for twenty minutes before dressing, and avoiding so far as possible the haunts of the coon dog, which is very plenty here, and does not recognize me without dressing, though he generally prefers me that way, I find.

Then I come back to the branch, rub briskly with a nose bag, dress and begin my literary work for the day.

Any one can be well and beautiful if he will obey these simple rules.

A LITTLE RUN IN THE WOODS.

This is followed by a light breakfast of cold coon and possum sweetbreads breaded.

Speaking of letters, the following was written to a neighbor of mine here last year by a man who was working one of his farms. Much of the keen delight and excitement of reading it is lost when it gets into type, but still the eager, yet repressed, enthusiasm of the groom in referring to his bride, who is under a good character, according to rumor, together with the vague unrest that haunts him regarding the mule, will strike the reader even if the Ticktown orthography and Keeley institute penmanship are torn away:

TICKTOWN, N. C., December the 13, '91.

DEAR MR. B.: I rote to you yesterday morning I get married on last night I would of told you in my other letter But I was not expecting it at that time I only lost ½ day Bill was here at work yesterday I rode your mule after the license which I thought it would Be all rite with you I want you to take your pay out of my wages for it I have got my wife with me here I hope it will Be all rite with you I can put in better time and have no occasion to Be a way I married a Miss Evaline Blameless They say she is under a good character I want to no if you have any objection of me keepin her with me on your place please rite to me at once I want to no if it is all rite of me a riding your mule your truly

(Name suppressed, as the man is still living near me, and feeling tolerably robust this season. He also threatens to keep hens.)

Bill Nye

How It Happened.

The old man had been away for two years and when he came back he met Jim Smiley—the same Jim he had left, a tall, gangling, awkward boy sort of man, who remains that way till he dies. Their greeting was cordial.

"And how's Mandy?" inquired the old man with a nudge in Jim's ribs and a chuckling laugh.

Mandy was Jim's sweetheart when the old man went away.

"Mandy's well," said Jim with a blush.

"She ain't Mrs. Smiley yit?" continued the old man.

"No, ner ain't likely ter be, I guess," said Jim uncomfortably.

"That so?"

"I guess it is."

"You don't say? What's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know. I kinder lost interest in that gal somehow er 'nother."

"Somethin you done er she done?" queried the old man seriously.

"She done," said Jim solemnly.

"What was it, Jim," said the old man, putting his hand on Jim's shoulder in a fatherly way. "You can trust me, I guess?"

"Yes," and Jim shuffled about uneasily.

"Well, tell me what it was."

"She shook me and married another feller."—Detroit Free Press.

All Off.

She—What did you break off your engagement with Miss Yardley for?

He—Her father sold his yacht.—Life.

Comfortable.

The tall man of the little party in the corridor was reminded, he said, of an incident in his last season's fishing trip. Then he got red in the face as he caught the little man winking across three chairs at a neighbor on his left.

"I was down on the Kankakee," he said, "and one afternoon was fishing up a small creek that put into the river. Seated under a big tree some distance up the stream, I blundered upon a young Englishman who was whipping the water with a costly tackle. Just at this point the water was so shallow that only a small minnow might have floated.

"'My friend,' I said, 'you won't catch anything there, I'm afraid; the water is too shallow.'

"He looked up at me from his comfortable seat with a native stare.

"'Ya-as?' questioningly; 'but you see it's such a delightful place to sit, don't you know!'"—Chicago News Record.

Deserved It.

"I'm going to see if you know anything about arithmetic, Johnny. How many are ten times two cents?" asked Uncle George.

"Four," said Johnny innocently.

"Nonsense?" said Uncle George.

"Bet you an apple, and leave it to papa."

"Done," said Uncle George.

"Pa," cried Johnny, "ain't ten times two cents four nickels?"

"Yes," said papa; and Johnny got the apple.—Harper's Bazar.

Change in the Weather.

Mrs. Spinks—Where is the money you have been saving up for a rainy day?"

Mr. Spinks—In the Neverbreak Savings Bank.

Mrs. Spinks—Well, give me a check for some of it. I want a new waterproof.—New York Weekly.

Only a Woman.

Her name was quite familiar to the Hottentots and Zulus,
And the Comanches and Apaches and Sioux knew all about her;
She had furnished Chinese toddlers with the different kinds of tulus,
And the great unwashed of Java said they couldn't do without her.

She figured as the patron of a patent incubator,
And her name was spread out broadcast by the chickens as they speeded
From the frozen fields of Lapland to the lands of the Equator;
She supplied a waiting public with the very things it needed.

As a sewing circle leader she achieved a reputation,
And her name was like a tocsin in the dry goods stores around her;
She was known in every millinery art association,
And an army of dressmakers sent up thanks that they had found her.

But she was a total stranger to the art of domesticity,
As all matters appertaining to the same were much below her;
She could write up tracts by thousands on the home and its felicity
For the heathen of all nations. But her husband didn't know her.

—Tom Masson in Clothier and Furnisher.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Four pounds evaporated apples 25c.
KILLEAN'S GROCERY.

Dr. Acher's English Pills

Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach, loss of appetite, bad complexion, and biliousness, they have never been equaled either in America or abroad.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S . PROVERBIAL . PHILOSOPHY . . .

Coming events cast their shadows before.

The feeling of utter listlessness, lack of energy, desire to be alone, or the "don't care" feeling, are all shadows of coming events. No woman should permit those symptoms to gain ground, for, being forewarned, she should be forearmed. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* will disperse all those shadows. It goes to the very root of all female complaints, renews the waning vitality, and invigorates the entire system. Surely such letters as this will support our claims:

DEAR MADAM. — . . . I think your Vegetable Compound saved my life; it is the best medicine for kidney and female troubles I ever saw. I induced my friends to use it, and it has never failed. — Mrs. H. E. FOSKETT, West Rutland, Vt.

Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. An illustrated book, entitled "Guide to Health and Etiquette," by Lydia E. Pinkham, is of great value to ladies. We will present a copy to anyone addressing us with two 2-cent stamps. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

THE LAST DRINK

He Tried Made Him Sick, and Now He Cannot Bear the Smell.

OF EITHER WHISKEY OR BEER.

Some times since in El Paso, Texas, a man who had rearely ever been known to refuse a drink of liquor, was asked by an intimate friend to take a drink, whereupon he promptly refused, saying that he had not taken a drink for several days, and the last drink he tried to take made him sick, and says he cannot bear the smell of liquor now. The secret of the refusal was owing to this fact: His wife had secured through a friend, a pamphlet issued by the Golden Specific company, giving accounts of a wonderful remedy for the liquor habit. She secured the remedy, and give it to him for rheumatism, as he was complaining a great deal, and after six or seven days, the above incident occured.

In these days of cure-all-remedies-in-one-bottle, it is most satisfactory to be able to purchase a cure for some one thing, positive and permanent in its results, as Dr. Haines' Golden Specific is known to be for drunkenness. It's the liquor habit's deadly antagonist, which deals deaths to the drink disease and restores the patient to splendid health. At the present time there are many fake cures in the country for drunkenness, utterly worthless and unreliable, which accomplish anything else than the desired results. An analysis of many of the proposed remedies reveal the deadly Attropine and Strychnine. Fifteen years' trial the world over brings this Specific to the fore-front as the peerless remedy for a terrible habit, which is properly to be called a disease. It has a universal reputation, and its merits are known as widely in England and France as they are known in America. The features which commend this remedy to the public are: It is a positive cure for drunkenness. It is purely a home remedy. To be cured surrounded by home comforts, and kinds friends, is most certainly preferable to being far from home for a protracted stay in some dreary sanitarium. Its cost is trifling; one package for three dollars often doing the work. Dr. Haines' Golden Specific may be secured from druggists or from the Golden Specific company, Cincinnati, Ohio, who furnish free a 48-page pamphlet, brim-full of information on the subject of "Drunkenness" Curable."

White & White's cocoa cream soap, the great hard water soap 10 cents a cake.

Gallon cans Tomatoes, 20c.
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Lily White Flour

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WE DO SLEEP!

YES, WE DO,

"But it is in the witching hour of night," etc., etc., etc. How exhaustive it must be to "never sleep." One must naturally get "very tired." We must acknowledge the corn, but nevertheless we want your ice trade, your Coal trade, also Lime, Cement, etc.

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	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight—	345 pounds.	279 pounds.	66 pounds
Chest—	53½ inches.	44 inches.	11½ inches.
Waist—	60½ inches.	45 inches.	15½ inches.
Hips—	66 inches.	46 inches.	20 inches.

"All the time we have attended to our regular business, suffered no inconvenience whatever and have been improving every day. We would advise all afflicted with obesity to write to Dr. Snyder. We will be pleased to answer all letters of inquiry where stamp is enclosed." —Rice Lake (Wis.) Times, April 1, 1892.

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Is a growl, and that growl marks the limit of argument with him. The best way to get him to try a medicine would be to advise against it—but notice how different his tone after using Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I have suffered with dyspepsia for the last two years. Not long ago I commenced taking B. B. B. I am now on the second bottle, and I feel like a new man.
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MRS. ETTIE FRAZIER,
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Original and Only Genuine. Safe. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. Philada., Pa.

DON'T GO TO CHURCH OR THE OPERA WITHOUT TRIX THEY WILL STOP THAT TICKLING SENSATION THAT CAUSES YOU TO COUGH. TRIX WILL RELIEVE HOARSENESS. NO INJURIOUS NARCOTIC. TRIX. PERFUME THE BREATH. 5 & 10 CTS.

WEAK MEN — CURES ASSURED — WITHOUT STOMACH DRUGGING. For all diseases of men such as Nervous Debility, Loss of Vigor, Impotence, Lack of Development, Strictures, Kidney and Bladder Difficulties, Varicocele, etc. Free Illustrative Treatise giving full particulars for home treatment sent sealed on application. THE MARSTON CO. 19 Park Place, New York. MADE STRONG.

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THIRTY-NINE YEARS!

She Poulticed and Bandaged, and Cauterized and Suffered, and Cried and Crippled About.

ALSO A MINISTER'S STORY!

Dr. French, the Magnetic Physician, at the Vendome Hotel.

It is seldom that Dr. French will allow anything said about the cure of simple diseases—those that the ordinary practitioner should be able to treat successfully—but our reporter was so forcibly struck with the remarks of a gentleman at the Vendome, whose son the doctor had cured of epilepsy, that the doctor's permission was asked to publish some facts as the gentleman gave them: "To my own personal knowledge the lady in question has suffered for thirty-nine years with an ulcer or rather ulcers," said he, "and the amount of pain and suffering she has endured in that time would have killed a mule. Why, sir," said he earnestly, "that leg has kept her husband poor, paying doctors, and she has tried them all, good and bad, and if you believe me, it's hard to tell which hurts the worse the sore or the medicine." After hearing his seriocomic statement the lady came out and said that Dr. French had not only cured the painful ulcer, but with it the dropsy of the limb, which had been swelled to twice its natural size. The lady is Mrs Mary Friend. She has lived many years in Ada, where dozens of people have called to rejoice with her. Mrs. Wendorf, 262 Wealthy avenue, is her daughter and can verify every statement with respect to her mother's cure.

The Rev. Amos Wakefield, Middleville, broken down, weak, supercannuated, has suffered many years from nasal catarrh, is 80 years of age, said he had found great strength from Dr. French's magnetic hand. His catarrh had all passed away, and that tired, weary feeling about the loins and limbs had completely disappeared.

Dr. French is not only a magnetic healer, but is a classical scholar and medical physician, thus enabling him to cure when all others fail. Do not for a moment think your case cannot be cured because your disease is not mentioned. Magnetism is life and applies to all diseases of the human organism. Pay no attention to those who would keep you from consulting him. They may have a motive in thus discouraging you. Cut this testimonial out and send it to some one who suffers and thus confer a lasting favor. Remember, consultations are free. Vendome Hotel.

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